

Glenna Holloway
1028 Apple Lane
Lombard, Ill. 60148

MOON THOUGHTS IN JAPANESE TANKA

Glenna Holloway

Watching moon-wake through
Night eyes of glass is reading
Cosmic poetry
While it is being written
By ancients on scrubbed blackboards.

Atoms out in space
Contain the seeds and spores of
Hopeful latent stars.
Comets' trails should be sifted
For air-borne genes of heaven.

Why is man so proud?
Galaxies are God's gardens;
Planet earth is one
Bud on an eternal tree.
Could man's role be that of bee?

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SERPENT SEED

Glenna Holloway

It's the only moment you can kill it:

Envy isn't green excepting that first

tender tendril fresh-clawed from fertile

dirt, uncurling, clutching sun & catching

red. Too late: the shoot leaps into flame,

a ravening tentacle spreads, throttles itself

impotent, thickens, toughens in the final fire.

Dull dross remains, cold-rolled into a fist. The

oblique rays of tomorrow's rising uncoil Medusa's hair.

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WHEN THE GARDENER GOES HOME

Glenna Holloway

I found him there
Where everyone most remembers him—
Surrounded by humus crumbs, cracked clay pots
And flakes of red geraniums.
A plant was in his hand, roots up. He
Was just sitting on his work bench
He built around the old live oak
He left growing up through the corner
Of his homemade nursery. He was leaning against it,
The massive trunk made a certain bend to hold him.
His eyes rested on sun stripes
Between the greenhouse laths. Only
By then there was a split moon. But all
The potsherds around him still held
The long day's warmth.

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"WHEN EVERYTHING THAT TICKED HAS STOPPED"

...Emily Dickinson

by Glenna Holloway

This stark cubicle stays closed
In total solar eclipse--no green grows--
Only the walls are tender, your prodding
Finger knows-- but found no entry--
No valve for compressed dark to drain.

The machinery is jammed with black--
One only Who could repair my brain
Suffocated in the crumbled cell block
Of my soul.

This cold crucible stays filled--
Refined slag, a purity of dross--
Your hopeful hands bruise
And now they smell of losing--
On your way Home, gather all
The dying Anodynes from my old Garden.

BLOCKS FOR BRAQUE

I know you, Georges--
at least I know what
you wanted me to know
 (Maybe not that you were
 a house painter first)
SEARCHING underneath
old brush strokes
SEIZING what others
disdained, I find
you WARRING WITH
the Fauves who
were warring with
Monet, Manet, et al
 I know you in veinous ways
 In linear ways minus shadows
 In behind-the-eyes ways
 where LIGHT strikes
mirrors in the secret vaults
 of knowing

TRAILING you
the length
of a camel's hair
we passed at ANGLES
on the parallax
of Hogarth's curve
blown beige and BARE
 palimpsest for SPECKS and SHAPES
some elbow-skinning, some BONE-cracking

Once or twice
 I
followed behind
you close enough
to gather your dropped
bottles, glasses, trees, books
even a guitar and a violin or two

I GRAYED		
my COLORS	I scraped...	
dutiFULLY	Collaged...	
	Textured...	I STACKED
	Scratched...	the CUBES
		SPACEd so

the steamroller
 could distill them to ESSENCE
 And often I was
 near enough
 to notice
Pablo
 stealing
 your best
 STUFF

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NOTHING LEFT TO SAY

You said it all
in one lean-as-a-scalpel comment,
leaving me unwhole and unhealed
on the cutting edge of a period.

Your words were over quickly.
My sentence goes on and on.

--Glenn Holloway

DON'T EVER COME WHEN I CALL

Forsake day.
Fold yourself in evening
and follow me. Let my voice
cover you.
The dark doesn't plunge and bristle
between us. I can push it aside,
move through its loose layers.
I can't cross streaming moats
of hot-icy brilliance.

Your shine dilutes me. You turn
and I'm revealed too soon.

Shaded and contained
illumination is still the betrayer.
Even here we can't escape
roots and tendrils of light.
Blind, I could feel it,
know its frequency like a pulse.

It impales us on vivid points,
you in your narrow spectrum
I can never enter--
I in the wide aftermath
of night you should not.

Forget we almost met. I see too well
my hand would sludge your morning.

--Glenn Holloway

FROM DAY ONE

You came out of the wet dark swaddled
in her scent, the hot immediacy of blood
and secret flesh no ablution could wash away.
Soon you smelled of her new blessings,
flowing for you alone.

Each one breathing shared essence,
no other sense so irrevocable, it's how
in a torrent of migrating wildebeest, cow
and calf find each other after crossing
a flooded ravine. How on frigid shores,
rippling with fur and fat,
seal pups reunite with their mothers
returning from the sea.

Though the first keenness fades
as receptors expand
with the world's emanations, tying you
to other warmths, other ways, it's how,
for your allotted span, the memories
you inhale can veer you across streets
or continents, tracking the source
evoking ineluctable images
hung forever in your head.

--Glenn Holloway

Mrs. R. W. Holloway
3811 Carole Dr.
Doraville, Ga. 30040

TO MEASURE TOMORROW

by Glenn Holloway

My window's draped with woven pheasant wings
Pretending to seclude my wanting world
With pigment of prefabricated springs,
And poses that some feather-artist swirled
Into the sterile cloth as if he thought
Forever would be caught in warp and woof,
Escape-proof in the four dimensions taught.
He could not know that from my vaulted roof
No threads could thwart a creature made to soar
Beyond the singing suns and silver signs
To places where dimensions number more
Than all the dyes and all the shuttled twines.
Each night we leave the folds men can define;
Each night we penetrate a new design!

surprised
amazed praised

Mrs. R. W. Holloway
3811 Carole Dr.
Doraville, Ga. 30040

— Each day she works with fabrics in her chair

~~She sits in her wheelchair and sews~~
~~the padded chair with heavy rubber wheels~~

Clara
Laura ~~sews~~ by typewriter

talk of her
and then

Aunt Beatrice keeps busy in her chair
with padded arms & heavy rubber wheels.

The
hears

her clients
neighbors

form "Set's"

fashionable

2 Her subject

Her designs are exquisite

3. She smiles while they discuss some famous place;

4. She smiles as they discuss her seat.

Each night we penetrate a new design!

Each night we penetrate a new design!

Each night we penetrate a new design!

While other times "Why don't we go somewhere?"
around her other times "Let's go somewhere!"
They never seem to wonder what she feels.

And poses that sophisticated artist swirled
into the sterile cloth as if he thought
he would be caught in the four dimensions caught.

The same then curtains, made the fringe their
applique and pleat
and tuts, lace

he threads could thread a crocheter made to soar
Beyond the singing suns and silver signs
To places where dimensions number more

Then all the eyes and all the shifted corners
Each night we leave the light and red of corners
Each night we penetrate a new design!

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FOUR THOUGHTS IN TANKA

by Glenna Holloway

An empathic soul
May thrum to avant-garde or
Aged corn—but hums most
Satisfyingly to a
Tenuous balance of both.

Watching star-wake through
Night-eyes of glass is reading
Cosmic poetry
While it is being written
By ancients on scrubbed blackboards.

Every round of rain
Is primed and loaded with an
Embryonic rose,
And each storm should be sifted
For air-borne genes of heaven.

If you snare a piece of
Of spring or Eos-tinted
Shreds to weave a word,
You overheard the first Muse
Rehearsing hymns for the sun.

*See rays should be
Sift each ray of sun
For air-borne genes of heaven;
Every round of rain
Is primed loaded with a
latent leaf or*

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FOUR THOUGHTS IN TANKA
by Glenn Holloway

An empathic soul
May turn to avant-garde or
Aged corn—but hums most
Satisfyingly to a
Tenuous balance of both.

Watching star-wake through
Night-eyes of glass is reading
Cosmic poetry
While it is being written
By ancients on scribbled blackboards.

Every round of rain
Is primed and loaded with an
Amphonic rose,
And each storm should be sifted
For air-borne genes of heaven.

If you share a piece
Of spring or Eos-tinted
Shreds to weave a word,
You overheard the first Muse
Rehearsing hymns for the sun.

THE CREATION MACHINE

Eons before we encountered the womb
and ventured into death's arena, this
short apprenticeship we serve between
revolving epochs, there was staging room
where I remember bending toward the kiss
of light, becoming crystal tourmaline
then part of a pool flooding a ravine,
and next a mustard seed, the genesis
of being. And you and I met at times,
you in a storm or a blue clematis.
But can you recall the others with whom
we shared galactic fires and helix climbs?
Or did we leave them in the early rimes
of cooling clay to plan a nobler tomb?

Our blazing fall must have been awesome when
the red giant burst and spewed us through the void.
Swift sidewise flashbacks of the beginning
ignite the dark navelsof our minds then
vanish like a burned-out comet tail. Freud
said we forget what we can't face— Did spinning
through velvet silence, pressure of twinning
cells blank that memory? Or have we employed
soft padded rationale on which to lean
our origins? Perhaps we even enjoyed
the centrifuge, imploded time. All men
were processed thus. The creation machine
we know as death will one day intervene
and gather us back to stardom again.

all

I gave the order to destroy the targets.
Incredible the way our rounds homed toward
Their marks, made tracks and turrets flash and soar.
Grey-eyed Athena gasped, her aegis high
Above the rubble, sending us a hawk,
A grey-backed raptor screeching victory.
Her cloud expanded slower than our eyes.
My crew racked up their scores like arcade games.

In thirty minutes, wounded men arrived.
Elation dwindled in a grinding pall;
We watched as one man fumbled on his way
As if to hide a pistol in his sleeve.
On closer look, he held his severed arm
And died beside my tank as others groaned.
Two more made wine-dark seas with their own blood.
Iraqi armored troops, surrendering.

Back on patrol at dawn, the goddess glowed;
Homeric rosy fingers earned their poems.
The crews were sobered, combat had its bite.
Then, animated sights required decisions.
The shapes we read were not exact enough
To leave no doubt. But if we held off long
We'd be precisely in their range. Commanders all
Have grappled that chimera in their craws.

"Sweet Jesus, Cap'n, time we oughta shoot!"
My gunner cried, a black Telémachus,
His tongue undone, his trigger in control.
The radio confirmed no other tanks
Of ours were in the sector. No more choice,
Our time ran out, I ordered the attack.
How many gods had we provoked? I prayed:
Please my dear God, don't let us torch our own!

As images exploded we heard words:
An error! Static. Curses. "Hold your fire!"
We hit two U.S. tanks, off course for hours.
No one survived our deadly friendly blasts.
I could not break. I kept my men from breaking.
Penelopes were told their wait was done.
And who explained such useless costs to them?
And in this world, who can explain to me?

Last year I had a letter from the harpist.
Like mine, his family dreaded further war.
My students asked unanswered questions daily.
What Muse would guide us through the final course?
We studied Homer's "man of many wiles."
And could he in the end persuade himself
Of what was justified? What learned or gained?

Like why we're back to do it all again?

I gave the order to destroy the targets.
 Incredible the way our rounds homed toward
 Their marks, made tracks and turrets flash and soar.
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 And who explains such useless costs to them?
 And in this world, who can explain to me?

Today I had a letter from the harpist--
 Who earned a medal in a later battle.
 His children fear he'll leave them for a war.
 My students ask unanswered questions daily.
 Muse, tell me of the "man of many wiles,"
 And could he in the end persuade himself
 Of what was justified? What learned or gained?
 Must we go back and do it all once more?